

TALMAGE ON DREAMS.

A Psychological Study of the Phenomena of Mind During Sleep.

The Significance of Dreams as an Evidence of Immortality—God Has Honored the Dream by Making It an Avenue to Reach the Human Soul.

The subject of Rev. Dr. Talmage's recent discourse at the Brooklyn tabernacle was a psychological and religious study of the phenomena of mind during sleep, and the significance of dreams as an evidence of immortality. The text chosen was Genesis xxviii, 11: "He took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep, and he dreamed."

The sermon follows: Asleep on a pillow-case filled with hens' feathers it is not strange one should have pleasant dreams. But here is a pillow of rock, and Jacob with his head on it, and lo! a dream of angels, two processions, those coming down the stairs met by those going up the stairs. It is the first dream of Bible record. You may say of a dream that it is nocturnal fantasia, or that it is the absurd combination of waking thoughts, and with a slur of intonation you may say, "It is only a dream," but God has honored the dream by making it the avenue through which again and again He has marched upon the human soul, decided the fate of nations, and changed the course of the world's history. God appeared in a dream to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage; in a dream to Joseph, fortelling his coming power under the figure of all the sheaves of the harvest bowing down to his sheaf; to the chief butler, fortelling his disimprisonment; to the chief baker, announcing his decapitation; to Pharaoh, showing him first the seven plenty years, and then the seven famine-struck years, and then the figure of the seven fat cows devouring the seven lean cows; to Solomon, giving him the choice between wisdom and riches and honor; to the warrior, under the figure of a barley cake smiting down a tent; encouraging Gideon in his battle against the Amalekites; to Nebuchadnezzar, under the figure of a broken image and a heathen down tree, fortelling his overthrow of power; to Joseph, of the New Testament, announcing the birth of Christ in his own household; to Mary, bidding her fly from Herod's persecutions; to Pilate's wife, warning him not to become complicated with the judicial overthrow of Christ.

We all admit that God in ancient times and under Bible dispensation addressed the people through dreams. The question now is, does God appear in our day and reveal Himself through dreams? That is the question everybody asks, and that question this morning I shall try to answer. You ask me if I believe in dreams. My answer is, I do believe in dreams, but all I have to say will be under five heads.

Remark the first: The Scriptures are so full of revelation from God, that if we get no communication from Him in dreams, we ought, nevertheless, to be satisfied. With twenty guide books to tell you how to get to Boston or Pittsburgh or London or Glasgow or Manchester do you want a night vision to tell you how to make the journey? We have in this Scripture full directions in regard to the journey of this life and how to get to the celestial city, and with the grand guide-book, this magnificent directory, we ought to be satisfied. I have more faith in a decision to which I come when I am wide awake than when I am sound asleep. I have noticed that those who give a great deal of their time to studying dreams get their brains added. They are very anxious to remember what they dreamed about the first night they slept in a new house. If in their dream they take the hand of a corpse, they are going to die. If they dream of a garden, it means a sepulchre. If something turns out according to a night vision, they say, "Well, I am not surprised. I dreamed it." If it turns out different from the night vision, they say, "Well, dreams go by contraries." In their efforts to put their dreams into rhythm, they put their waking thoughts into discord. Now, the Bible is so full of revelation that we ought to be satisfied if we get no further revelation.

Sound sleep received great honor when Adam slept so extraordinarily that the surgical operation which gave him Eve did not wake him; but there is no such need for extraordinary sleep now, and he who catches an Eve must needs be wide awake! No need of such a dream as Jacob had with a ladder against the sky, when ten thousand times it had been demonstrated that earth and Heaven are in communication. No such dream needed as that which was given to Abimelech, warning him against the unlawful marriage, when we have the records of the county clerk's office. No need of such a dream as was given to Pharaoh about the seven years of famine, for now the seasons march in regular procession, and steamer and rail train carry breadstuffs to every famine-stricken nation. No need of a dream like that which encouraged Gideon, for all through Christendom it is announced and acknowledged and demonstrated that righteousness sooner or later will get the victory.

If there should come about a crisis in your life upon which the Bible does not seem to be sufficiently specific, go to God in prayer and you will get especial direction. I have more faith, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, in directions given you with the Bible in your lap and your thoughts uplifted in prayer to God, than in all the information you will get unconscious on your pillow. I can very easily understand why the Babylonians and the Egyptians, with no Bible, should put so much stress on dreams; and the Chinese, in their holy book, Chow King, should think their emperor gets his directions through dreams from God; and that Homer should think that all dreams came from Jove, and that in ancient times dreams were classified into a "sentinel," but why do you and I put so much

stress upon dreams when we have a supernatural book of infinite wisdom on all subjects? Why should we harry ourselves with dreams? Why should Edystone and Barnegat lighthouses question a summer firefly?

Remark the second: All dreams have an important meaning.

They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. The eyes are closed, the senses are dull, the entire body goes into a lethargy which in all languages is used as a type of death, and then the soul spreads its wings and never sleeps. It leaps the Atlantic ocean and mingles in scenes three thousand miles away. It travels great reaches of time, flashes back eighty years, and the octogenarian is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul, before it has entirely broken its chain of flesh, can do all this, how far can it leap, what circles can it cut when it is fully liberated! Every dream, whether agreeable or harrassing, whether sunny or tempestuous, means so much that rising from your couch you ought to kneel down and say: "O, God! am I immortal? Whence? Whither? Two natures. My soul caged now—what when the door of the cage is opened? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave?" O, this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming! If prepared for the after death flight, what an enchantment! If not prepared for the after-death flight, what a crushing agony! Immortal! Immortal!

Remark the third: The vast majority of dreams are merely the result of disturbed physical condition, and are not a supernatural message.

Job had carbuncles and he was scared in the night. He says: "Thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me with visions." Solomon had an overwrought brain, overwrought with public business, and he suffered from erratic slumber, and he writes in Ecclesiastes: "A dream cometh through a multitude of business." Dr. Gregory, in experimenting with dreams, found that a bottle of hot water put to his feet while in slumber made him think that he was going up the hot sides of Mount Etna. Another morbid physician, experimenting with dreams, his feet uncovered through sleep, thought he was riding in an Alpine diligence. But a great many dreams are merely narcotic disturbances. Any thing that you see while under the influence of alcohol, or brandy, or "hash," or laudanum is not a revelation from God. The learned De Quincey did not ascribe to divine communication what he saw in sleep, opium saturated: dreams which he afterward described in the following words: "I was worshiped, I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia. Vishnu hated me. Sevea laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, that made the crocodiles tremble. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with the cancerous kiss of crocodiles, and lay confounded with unutterable slimy things among weasels and Nile mud." Do not mistake narcotic disturbance for divine revelation.

But I have to tell you that the majority of the dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelation. Late suppers are a warranty deed for bad dreams. Highly spiced salads at 11 o'clock at night, instead of opening the door of heaven, open the door of hell, and the door of hell is a doorway into a world of pain and suffering. You outrage nature, and you insult the God who made those laws. It takes from three to five hours to digest food, and you have no right to keep your digestive organs in trouble when the rest of your body is in somnolence. The general rule is, eat nothing after 6 o'clock at night, retire at 10, sleep on your right side, keep the window open five inches for ventilation, and other worlds will not disturb you much. By physical maltreatment you take the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream and you lower it to the nether world, allowing the ascent of the demoniacal. Dreams are midnight dyspepsia. An unregulated desire for something to eat ruined the race in Paradise, and an unregulated desire for something to eat keeps it ruined. The world during six thousand years has tried in vain to digest that first apple. The world will not be evangelized until we get rid of a dyspeptic Christianity. Healthy people do not want this cadaverous and sleepy thing that some people call religion. They want a religion that lives regularly by day and sleeps soundly by night. If through trouble or coming on of old age, or exhaustion of Christian service you cannot sleep well, then you may expect from God "songs in the night," but there are no blessed communications to those who willingly surrender to indigestible Napoleon's army at Leipzig, Dresden and Borsdorf came near being destroyed through the disturbed gastric juices of its commander. That is the way you have lost some of your battles.

Another remark I make is that our dreams are apt to be merely the echo of our day thoughts. I will give you a receipt for pleasant dreams: Will your days with elevated thought and unselfish action, and your dreams will be set to music. If all day you are gouging and grasping and avaricious, in your dreams you will see gold that you cannot clutch and bargains in which you were out-rylocked. If during the day you are irascible and pugnacious and gunpowdery of disposition, you will at night have battle with enemies in which they will get the best of you. If you are all day long in a hurry, at night you will dream of rail-trains that you want to catch while you cannot move one inch toward the depot. If you are always over-suspicious and expectant of assault you will have at night hallucinations of assassins with daggers drawn. No one wonders that Richard III., the iniquitous, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field, dreamed that all those whom he had murdered stared at him, and he was

torn to pieces by demons from the pit. The scholar's dream is a philosophic echo. Coleridge composed his "Kubla Khan" asleep in a narcotic dream, and waking up wrote down three hundred lines of it. Tartini, the violin player, composed his most wonderful sonata while asleep in a dream so vivid, that waking, he easily transferred it to paper.

Waking thoughts have their echo in sleeping thoughts. If a man spends his life in trying to make others happy, and is heavenly-minded, around his pillow he will see cripples who have got over their crutch, and processions of celestial imperials, and hear the grand march roll down from drums of heaven over jasper parapets. You are very apt to hear in dreams what you hear when you are wide awake.

Now, having shown you that having a Bible we ought to be satisfied not getting any further communication from God, and having shown you that all dreams have an important mission, since they show the comparative independence of the soul from the body, and having shown you that the majority of dreams are a result of disturbed physical condition, and having shown you that our sleeping thoughts are apt to be an echo of our waking thoughts, I come now to my fifth and most important remark, and that is to say that it is capable of proof that God does sometimes in our day, and has often since the close of the Bible dispensation, appeared to people in dreams.

All dreams that make you better are from God. How do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? It does not take a very logical mind to argue that out. Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. The dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustine, the Christian father, gives us the fact that a Carthaginian physician was persuaded of the immortality of the soul by an argument which he heard in a dream. The night before his assassination the wife of Julius Caesar dreamed that her husband fell dead across her lap. It is possible to prove that God does appear in dreams to warn, to convert and to save men. My friend, a retired sea captain and a Christian, tells me that one night while on the sea he dreamed that a ship's crew were in great suffering. Waking up from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on the vessel—they thought he was going crazy—sailed on in another direction hour after hour, and for many hours until he came to the perishing crew and rescued them, and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

In 1895 a vessel went out from Spithead for West India, and ran against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up on the Caskets, to die of thirst or starvation, as they supposed. But there was a ship bound for Southampton that had the captain's son on board. This lad twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of his dream. The vessel came down by the Caskets in time to find and to rescue those dying men. Who conducted that dream? The God of the rocks, the God of the sea.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his marvelous book, entitled, "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following fact that he got from Capt. Yount, in California, a fact confirmed by many families: Capt. Yount dreamed twice one night that one hundred and fifty miles away there was a company of travelers fast in the snow. He also saw in the dream rocks of a peculiar formation, and telling his dream to an old hunter, the hunter said: "Why, I remember those rocks; those rocks are in the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred and fifty miles away." Capt. Yount, impelled by this dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered men together, took mules and blankets, and started out on the expedition, traveled one hundred and fifty miles, saw those very rocks which he had described in his dream, and finding the suffering ones at the foot of those rocks, brought them back to confirm the story of Capt. Yount. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevada.

God has often appeared in dreams to rescue and comfort. You have known people—perhaps it is something I state in your own experience—you have seen people go to sleep with bereavements insoluble, and they awakened in perfect resignation because of what they had seen in slumber. Dr. Cranage, one of the most remarkable men I ever met—remarkable for benevolence and great philanthropies—at Wellington, England, showed me a house where the Lord had appeared in a wonderful dream to a poor woman. The woman was rheumatic, sick, poor, to the last point of destitution. She was waited on and cared for by another poor woman, her only attendant. Word came to her one day that this poor woman had died, and the invalid of whom I am speaking lay helpless upon the couch, wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her sleep she said the Angel of the Lord appeared and took her into the open air and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread, and pointed in another direction and there were mountains of butter, and in another direction and there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The Angel of the Lord said to her: "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think that He will let you, His child, hunger and die?" Dr. Cranage told me by some divine impulse he went into that destitute home, saw the suffering there and administered unto it, caring for her all the way through. Do you tell me that that dream was woven out of earthly annoyances? Was that the phantasmagoria of a diseased brain? No; it was an all-sympathetic God addressing a poor woman through a dream.

Furthermore, I have to say that there are people in this house who were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profigate sailor on shipboard, in his dream, thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him, "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange intuition persuaded John Newton to throw that ring overboard, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring the ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again," and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air, and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that the valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the one who plunged in and restored the gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

A German was crossing the Atlantic ocean, and in his dream he saw a man with a handful of white flowers, and he was told to follow the man who had that handful of white flowers. The German, arriving in New York, wandered into the Fulton street prayer meeting, and Mr. Lamplier—whom many of you know—the great apostle of prayer meetings, that day had given to him a bunch of tuberoses. They stood on his desk, and at the close of the religious services he took the tuberoses and started homeward, and the German followed him, and through an interpreter told Mr. Lamplier that on the sea he had dreamed of a man with a handful of white flowers and was told to follow him. Suffice it to say, through that interview and following interviews, he became a Christian, and is a city missionary preaching the gospel to his own countrymen. God in a dream!

John Hardock, while on shipboard, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called, except his own name, and that these people, this crew, were all banished; and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. If you do not believe these things then you must discard all testimony and refuse to accept any kind of authoritative witness. God in a dream!

Rev. Herbert Mendes was converted to God through a dream of the last judgment; and I doubt if there is a man or woman in this house to-day that has not had some dream of that great day of judgment which shall be the winding up of the world's history. If you have not dreamed of it perhaps to-night you may dream of that day. There are enough materials to make a dream. Enough voices, for there shall be the roaring of the elements, and the great earthquake. Enough light for the dream, for the world shall blaze. Enough excitement, for the mountains shall fall. Enough water, for the ocean shall roar. Enough astronomical phenomena, for the stars shall go out. Enough populations, for all the races of all the ages will fall into line of one of two processions, the one ascending and the other descending, the one led on by the rider on the white horse of eternal victory, the other led on by Apollyon on the black charger of eternal defeat. The dream comes on me now, and I see the lightnings from above answering the volcanic disturbances from beneath, and I hear the long reverberating thunders that shall wake up the dead, and on one side I see the opening of a gate into scenes golden and amethystine, and on the other side I hear the clanging battle of a gate into bastilles of eternal bondage, and all the seas lifting up their crystal voices, cry: "Come to judgment!" and all the voices of the heaven cry: "Come to judgment!" and crumbling mansions, and Westminster Abbeys, and pyramids of the dead with marble voices, cry: "Come to judgment!" And the archangel seizes an instrument of music which has never yet been sounded, an instrument of music that was made only for one sound, and thrusting that mighty trumpet through the clouds, and turning it this way, He shall put it to His lip and blow the long, loud blast that shall make the solid earth quiver, crying, "Come to judgment!"

Then from this earthly grossness quit. Attired in stars, we shall forever sit.

Patience Rewarded. One of the best schools in which to study patience is fishing. The fisherman who can angle half a day without catching a fish, and then go home with an empty basket but a full enthusiasm, has his reward in moral improvement.

Dr. Charles F. Deems illustrates this by a story. A lad sat on the bank of a river fishing. A man came by. "What are you doing?" asked the man. "Fishing, sir." "Been at it long?" "Four hours, sir." "Caught anything?" "Yes." "What?" "Patience."

The gentleman, who was a railroad man, immediately employed that boy at twelve dollars a week and his board to take charge of the information bureau at a neighboring station on the trunk line.—St. Louis Republic.

It is very suggestively said by the author of "Ecco Homo" that "in periods which are wanting in faith piety assumes the character of caution." The church of to-day needs more of the old Pauline and Petrine audacity—successful because characterized by promptitude of faith.

DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

Five Persons Meet Death in a Burning Tenement.

The Morgan Apartment House at Cleveland, O., Gated by Fire—A Fatal Fate of Five of the Occupants—Cause of the Holocaust.

CLEVELAND, O., March 24.—A holocaust, almost without parallel in the annals of Cleveland's history, occurred Thursday noon by which five human lives were sacrificed and many thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed. The scene of the frightful casualty was "The Morgan," a fashionable apartment house at No. 508 Prospect street. "The Morgan" was four stories high, built of pressed brick. The building was one of the most modern design and had recently been thoroughly refitted at enormous expense. The building was occupied by nearly fifty tenants.

The fire started in a closet used for storing clothing, located under a stairway which led to the second story above the basement, and must have burned some time before discovery. From this point the spread of the flames was rapid. The broad halls and stairways made a flue through which the flame roared and crackled, destroying everything in its path. Within five minutes after the discovery of the flames, a person could not live for a minute in any of the rooms.

The first action of the fire department was to save the lives of the inmates. To the second and third stories ladders were hastily placed. On them the firemen climbed through the windows. The smoke was awful and they with difficulty groped their way through the hallway. Stretched out in the main hallway, clutching her throat as if to assist her respiration and doubled up in a knot, lay the body of a woman. It was found to be that of Mrs. Sommers, the wife of C. A. Sommers, a bookkeeper at Stephens & Widlar's.

By this time the firemen were forced from the front part of the building. When an entrance was finally effected at one side a horrible sight met the gaze of the firemen. In one small room in various attitudes lay the bodies of three women. The room was filled with suffocating smoke, but the flames had not yet reached it. All three had plainly died of suffocation.

A voice low and tremulous was heard issuing from the burning building. "A child is in the building," was the outcry which followed. The firemen renewed their efforts and they dashed in to reap a moment later with a child in their arms. It breathed, gave a gasp and all was over. The child was hardly 2 years old.

The victims are: Mrs. Mary Abbey, aged 78 years, widow, burned; Mrs. Anna W. Somers, aged 70 years, widow, suffocated; Mrs. Emma Somers, aged 45 years, married, suffocated; Mrs. Jessie Hunt, aged 21 years, married, suffocated; Morell Somers Hunt, aged 18 months, suffocated.

The injured are: Mrs. F. M. Gifford, and Mrs. J. H. Millar, both bruised when jumping from window.

The building was completely gutted; everything was ruined by the fire or water. It was owned by W. J. Morgan, the lithographer, and rented to the Misses McFadden, who run it as an apartment house. It cost \$25,000 and was insured for \$12,000.

COL. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD DEAD.

The Noted Editor of the New York Mail and Express Passes Away Very Suddenly.

New York, March 25.—Col. Elliott Fitch Shepard, editor of the Mail and Express, died suddenly Friday afternoon at his home in this city. His death followed the administration of ether by Dr. Charles McBurney and the family physician, Dr. J. W. McLane, who were about to make an examination to ascertain whether the colonel's suspicion that he was suffering from stone in the bladder was correct. Elliott Fitch Shepard was born in Jamaica, N. Y., July 29, 1854. He was educated at the University of the City of New York, admitted to the bar in 1880 and for many years practiced in New York City. In 1891 and 1892 he was also admitted to the staff of Gov. Morgan, who was then governor of the department of volunteers at Manila, and aided in organizing, equipping and forwarding to the field nearly 50,000 troops. He was instrumental in raising the Fifty-first New York regiment, which was named for him—the Shepard rifles. He was the founder of the New York State Bar association in 1898, in which was formed the model for the organization of similar organizations in other states. In March, 1898, he purchased the New York Mail and Express. He was a son-in-law of Commodore Vanderbilt.

SNOW AND SLEET.

No Cessation in the Blizzard in the Northwest—Travel Much Impeded.

CHICAGO, March 25.—Storms continue to rage throughout the northwest and the telegraphic embargo has not been raised. In the vicinity of Duluth it has snowed for three days without intermission and the thermometer registers only 5 above zero. Railroad and street car traffic is practically suspended and business of all kinds seriously impeded. At Minneapolis the downpour of rain and sleet changed to snow. A high wind drifts the snow and renders travel difficult.

Advisers from Montana and the Dakotas show a snow storm of unprecedented extent and severity to be raging. Trains are moving slowly when they move at all and mails from along the route of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern roads are delayed from a few hours to two days. In the southwest the storm of rain and wind has given way to a cold wave.

Street Cars Tied Up by a Strike.

NEW ORLEANS, March 24.—The street car strike on the Carrollton electric line went into effect yesterday, the company having failed to notice the communications of the drivers' association. So far there has been no trouble, the men being quietly disposed and no attempt having been made to run cars.

Neighbors Drowned.

PEORIA, Ill., March 25.—George W. Salby, of Macon county, and his brother Oscar, of this city, were drowned in Peoria Lake yesterday while crossing in a skiff. The high wind and rough water overturned the boat.

W. & L. E. R. R.

In effect Oct. 23, 1892.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

WESTWARD. No. 6 (No. 7) No. 9 (No. 10)

Station	Westward	Eastward	Station	Westward	Eastward
Toledo	7:45	1:00	Toledo	7:45	1:00
Oak Harbor	8:45	1:55	Oak Harbor	8:45	1:55
Freemont	9:07	2:20	Freemont	9:07	2:20
Clyde	9:25	2:38	Clyde	9:25	2:38
Bellevue	9:35	2:48	Bellevue	9:35	2:48
Monroeville	9:50	3:05	Monroeville	9:50	3:05
St. Clair	10:10	3:28	St. Clair	10:10	3:28
Wellington	10:45	3:50	Wellington	10:45	3:50
Spencer	11:10	4:16	Spencer	11:10	4:16
Lord	11:27	4:46	Lord	11:27	4:46
Creston	11:45	5:05	Creston	11:45	5:05
Orville	12:15	5:35	Orville	12:15	5:35

WESTWARD. No. 4 (No. 5) No. 6 (No. 7) No. 8 (No. 9)

Station	Westward	Eastward	Station	Westward	Eastward
Akron	3:16	8:52	Akron	3:16	8:52
Youngstown	5:15	10:51	Youngstown	5:15	10:51
Pittsburgh	7:30	13:06	Pittsburgh	7:30	13:06
Orville	12:35	6:00	Orville	12:35	6:00
Massillon	1:07	6:32	Massillon	1:07	6:32
Massillon	1:12	6:37	Massillon	1:12	6:37
Navarre	1:25	6:50	Navarre	1:25	6:50
Valley Junction	1:55	7:20	Valley Junction	1:55	7:20
Canal Dover	2:55	8:20	Canal Dover	2:55	8:20
Cambridge	3:25	8:50	Cambridge	3:25	8:50
Marletta	3:30	9:00	Marletta	3:30	9:00
Valley Junction	3:50	9:20	Valley Junction	3:50	9:20
Sherradsville	4:25	9:55	Sherradsville	4:25	9:55
Bowerton	4:40	10:10	Bowerton	4:40	10:10
Selo	4:55	10:25	Selo	4:55	10:25
Jewett	5:05	10:35	Jewett	5:05	10:35
Dillonville	5:30	10:50	Dillonville	5:30	10:50
Warrenton	6:10	11:30	Warrenton	6:10	11:30
Brilliant	6:25	11:45	Brilliant	6:25	11:45
Mingo Junction	6:40	12:00	Mingo Junction	6:40	12:00
Steuenville	6:45	12:05	Steuenville	6:45	12:05
Martins Ferry	6:55	12:15	Martins Ferry	6:55	12:15
Wheeling	7:10	12:30	Wheeling	7:10	12:30

WESTWARD. No. 4 (No. 5) No. 6 (No. 7) No. 8 (No. 9)

Station	Westward	Eastward	Station	Westward	Eastward
Wheeling	4:40	8:45	Wheeling	4:40	8:45
Martins Ferry	4:52	8:57	Martins Ferry	4:52	8:57
Steuenville	4:55	9:00	Steuenville	4:55	9:00
Mingo Junction	5:05	9:10	Mingo Junction	5:05	9:10
Brilliant	5:15	9:20	Brilliant	5:15	9:20
Warrenton	5:15	9:20	Warrenton	5:15	9:20
Dillonville	5:35	9:44	Dillonville	5:35	9:44
Jewett	5:50	10:00	Jewett	5:50	10:00
Selo	6:05	10:15	Selo	6:05	10:15
Bowerton	6:10	10:20	Bowerton	6:10	10:20
Sherradsville	6:10	10:20	Sherradsville	6:10	10:20
Valley Junction	6:10	10:20	Valley Junction	6:10	10:20
Marletta	6:10	10:20	Marletta	6:10	10:20
Cambridge	6:10	10:20	Cambridge	6:10	10:20
Canal Dover	6:10	10:20	Canal Dover	6:10	10:20

WESTWARD. No. 4 (No. 5) No. 6 (No. 7) No. 8 (No. 9)

Orville.....Lv	10:00	2:30	5:40
Creston.....	10:10	2:40	6:00
Lord.....	10:30	3:02	6:21
Spencer.....	10:40	3:12	6:31
Wellington.....	11:45	4:03	7:36
Northwalk.....	11:50	4:08	7:41
Monroeville.....	p.m.	4:18	7:51
Bellevue.....	12:10	4:33	7:55
Clyde.....	12:20	4:43	8:05
Freemont.....	12:30	4:53	8:15
Oak Harbor.....	1:02	5:25	8:48
Toledo.....Ar	2:00	6:25	9:46

HURON DIVISION.

NORTH.			SOUTH.		
No. 2	No. 3	Lv	Ar	No. 2	No. 3
p.m.	6:55	Monroeville	11:55		
3:05		Northwalk	1:15	6:30	
3:45	6:55	Alton	1:45	6:30	
4:10	7:30	Huron	1:50	6:30	
4:40	7:50	Ar Huron	2:00	6:30	

No. 9, 1, 8 and 2 run daily.
A. G. BEAL, JR. JAMES M. HALL.